An Ancient Understanding?

There seems to be an understanding, a knowing, beyond what a collocation of words may and often do impute at a certain moment or period of causal Time.

Thus in a recent missive I extolled the numinosity of a particular performance of a particular piece of ancient music [1] eliciting as that missive did a few responses which related to the Latin text. In response to which I, probably hubristically, suggested that such music transferred or could transfer us to another supra-personal realm far beyond that which could be intimated by any words in any language we mortals now posses or anciently possessed. That the text itself was an instrument, a vector pointing to or hinting at something a-causal, some-thing numinous. That it was the experience, the feeling(s) engendered, which was/were the essence, the meaning.

Which, perhaps, returns us to the wordless meaning of Art, of music, of a mystical experience, enshrined perhaps as such a mystical experiencing can be in a practical 'doing' as when we in pilgrimage tramp miles upon miles to a particular anciently revered place in anticipation or in hope of expiation or of what the term 'enlightenment' does not and cannot adequately describe.

Thus are many of us apparently lost in a modern world where wordful propaganda abounds, and where some of us wordlessly desire to withdraw to where we can, or to where we believe we can, experience or again experience the wordless, self-deprecating, the humility and compassionate breeding, numinous.

But there are no words I know or can find which adequately describe all of what I have here and since 2012 so feebly attempted to describe.

David Myatt
JD 2460980.328

[1] *A Feeling*. Included below as an Appendix.

Appendix
A Feeling

There is this feeling, growing, that I should, must, finally fall silent definitely in regard to words written and most probably in regard to words spoken. For my words, my causal egoistic prattle, are only diversions from, a fall from, the numinous; a numinous so wonderfully presenced by *O rubor sanguinis* (Hildegard of Bingen) as performed by Stevie Wishart and Vivien Ellis. [1]

Such a gift, among so so many similar ones, century following century. As this one, perhaps,

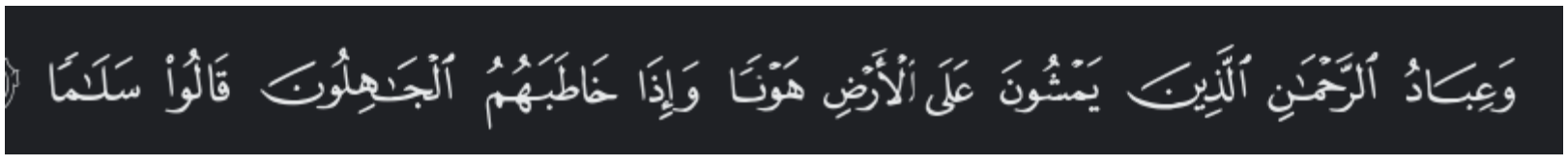
> ἀρχὴ <…> τῶν ὄντων τὸ ἄπειρον <…>
>
> ἐξ ὧν δὲ ἡ γένεσίς ἐστι τοῖς οὖσι, καὶ τὴν φθορὰν εἰς ταῦτα γίνεσθαι κατὰ τὸ χρεών· διδόναι γὰρ αὐτὰ δίκην καὶ τίσιν ἀλλήλοις τῆς ἀδικίας κατὰ τὴν τοῦ χρόνου τάξιν
>
> < [the] source … of beings is the un-definitive …>
>
> Where beings have their origin there also they cease to exist: offering payment to balance, one to another, their unbalance for such is the arrangement of what is passing. [2]

Or this,

> μακάριοι οἱ ἐλεήμονες, ὅτι αὐτοὶ ἐλεηθήσονται

Fortunate, the compassionate, for they shall receive compassion. [3]

Or this, [4]



David Myatt
JD 2460979.563
(Revised JD 2460980.328)

Ξ Ξ Ξ

[1] The text, and my translation, is:

> O rubor sanguinis, qui de excelso illo fluxisti quod divinitas tetigit: tu flos es quem hyems de flatu serpentis numquam lesit.
>
> "Blood-red, flowing, surpassing to where divinity reaches: a flower untouched by that Serpent's Winter breath."

[2] https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/02/dwmyatt-anaxmander.pdf

[3] https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2018/03/the-beatitudes-v1.pdf

[4] "The 'Ibaad of Ar-Rahmaan are those who walk on earth in humility and, when the arrogant speak to them, they reply Salaam." Ayat 63, Surah 25 of the Quran. My interpretation of meaning.